

THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1839.

VOL. 4, No. 8.—Whole No. 164.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY J. A. STEVENS,
(CITY PRINTER).

On Jefferson Street, opposite the Washington Hotel
and one door below Harts. Hoff & Wright's Store.

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance; \$5 50 at the termination of six months, and \$6 00 if not paid until the expiration of the year.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—four lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the cash, or good reference in town. Announcing candidates for office will be at \$10 00 for county offices, \$10 00 for State offices—in advance.

Yearly Advertising.

For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$50. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of others, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12
" 10 do do do 6 do 20
" 10 do do do 12 do 30

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

* Letters on business must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice will never be done unless themselves assert their rights and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the end will be found alike salutary to the public and beneficial to those engaged in the press. Publishers of papers have been so long imposed upon by the community at large, that they are considered to some extent a degraded class of beings, when in fact there is no vocation in life so honorable, deserving of so high consideration, productive of so much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for the debtors to newspaper publishers to consider their demands as the last to be paid—debts to which they can refuse to pay with justice and honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the conductors of the press to assert their own rights, and resolve, severally and jointly, to bring all patrons of newspapers under the same obligations that attach to other contracts, or always remain in poverty and want, with thousands due them from the most solvent men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of papers who approve of the following rules, to endorse them by their signatures, place them at the head of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

1st. No subscription received without payment in advance.

2d. No subscription received for less than six months.

3d. Advance payment will be required from all transient advertisers.

4th. To announce no man for any office, either State or County, without the advance payment of ten dollars.

5th. Political circulars charged as advertisements and payment required in advance.

6th. All advertisements of a personal character will be charged double and payment required in advance.

7th. Election tickets will not be printed without order, nor delivered to any person without payment.

8th. All subscribers, without respect to persons who are delinquents, on the first of October, will be stricken from the list, and their accounts put in suit.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,
Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whig.

S. H. B. BLACK,
Editor of the Natchez Courier.

BESANCON & HALIDAY,
Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader.

JAMES HAGAN,
Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.

WM. M. SMYTHE,
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Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner.

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Editor of the Holly Springs Banner.

TAOMAS BROWN,
Editor of the Rodney Telegraph.

J. M. DUFFIELD,
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W. B. TEBB,
Editor of the Fayette Advertiser.

NEED & NEWTON,
Publishers of the Southern Reporter.

BAKER & CURTIS,
Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Argus.

M. MOWER,
Publisher of the Southern Sentinel.

ARCA S. CLARK,
Publisher of the Port Gibson Correspondent.

GEORGE R. KIGER,
Editor of Gallatin Star.

June 1839.

F. W. QUACKENBOSS
Attorney and Counsellor,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.

Office up stairs, in the brick building opposite the "Manchester Hall."

July 24, 1839. 3-4t.

JOHN MURDAUGH,
Attorney,
Yazoo City, Mississippi.

August 2. 4-1f

NOTICE.

JOSEPH HOLT, of Vicksburg, Q. D. Gibbs, of Yazoo City, and R. S. Hour, of Benton, have associated in practice in the Superior Court of Chancery, at Jackson, in all cases, from Yazoo.

April 19. 41-1f

BATTAILE & HAMER,
LAWYERS.

ADDRESS,
JOHN BATTAILE at Benton, } Mississippi.
C. F. HAMER, at Yazoo City, }

Feb. 22. 33-4f

JAMES W. MCKINSTRY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
MANCHESTER, MS.

A. W. G. & J. W. DAVIS,
LAWYERS,
OFFICE AT GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in the several Courts of the 2d Judicial District for this State. Nov. 23-20t

MUSE'S ROWER.

FOR THE YAZOO CITY WHIG.

TO A WITHERED ROSE BUD.
Written by a poor little boy.

Alas! I grieve to look on thee,
Thus wither'd in thy infant bloom;
So well I feel that my young heart
Is too, too much like thee.

Scarce born art thou—nor is complete
Thy rosy tint'd development.
Ere thou art pluck'd by thoughtless hand
From off thy tender parent stalk,
And left to wither thus.

I, too, scarce felt the dawn of life,
Ere blight my soul assail'd.
My body weak e'en from my birth—
My mind alive to misery's pangs
In days of earliest infancy—
A Father's fate—a Mother's ill—
Have wither'd thus my youthful heart—
Have made me feel so much—that I
Can almost feel no more.

Thy fragrance, Rose Bud! lingers yet—
My heart, tho' blighted, still doth beat;
And thus I oft seem gay.

As idle children sport with thee,
And tear thy tender leaves apart,
So doth some rude and careless tongue
Inflict on me a bitter pang.

But like thee, Rose Bud! I am not
The helpless child of wanton sport.
For tho' my most beloved on earth
Are gone—lost to me—or do feel
Full well misfortune keen;

Still, have I left to cheer my gloom,
My Honor, Conscience, and my Pride,
As free from every sullying stain—
As pure and spotless as the Snow,
And firm, I trust, as Age's Rock.

With these remaining pure and firm,
With hope my misery half is spent,
I boldly meet the World unkind
And have the rudest blasts of Fate.

M. S. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Contrast—A Sketch.

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

'Twas a dark and gloomy night in the
depth of winter; the ground was covered
with snow, and but few dared to brave
the bitter coldness of the midnight hour. In a
wretched hotel, in one of the most infamous
parts of New-York, reposing on some
musty straw, over which was spread a tattered
blanket, lay the Infidel. A few coils,
with which some charitable hand had filled
his fireplace, shed over the scene a dim and
gloomy light: by his bedside was placed a
table on which was placed some bottles
of medicine; a few torn garments lay
scattered about the room, every thing indicated
the most squalid poverty. Near this
sufferer, dying from dissipation and want, sat
a woman who had undertaken to nurse him.
She often shivered and drew her
cloak more closely around her, as the cold
wind poured through the crevices of the
wazy walls.

There is something in the whistling of the
wintry blast melancholy to all; it reminds
the poor man of the hardships, the privations,
and the sufferings he must undergo,
ere the genial warmth of spring returns—
it reminds the merciful rich man of the unhappy
fate of the many who are exposed to
its violence without a shelter for their
heads; it reminds the rich sensualist, as
he calls for more blankets and a hotter fire,
of future attacks of rheumatism and gout.
With that soothing and delicate attention,
so peculiar to woman, the nurse was bathing
his feverish forehead; but he heeded not—
yet he was soon to appear before the
judgment seat of that God whom he had
insulted, whose followers he had reviled,
whose religion he had scoffed, whose vengeance
he had set at defiance, whose very
existence he had denied. He was in a delirium;
and his mind was wandering back,
back to those happy days of childhood,
when, free from guile, he had lived under the
fostering care of a kind and religious mother.
Later in life, when he had become
more familiar with the world, and had begun
to mix with young men of his own age,
he had been ridiculed for his religious impressions.
At first he was astonished and
shocked to hear their impious blasphemy,
but soon his ear became familiar with it,
and at last he was one of the most profane
among them. But his thoughts were now
in far happier days; he was talking with his
mother and receiving her holy instruction;
he heard her uplifting her silver voice to
Heaven in behalf of the wretched; he heard
her whispering the words of consolation into
the ear of the afflicted, and as she directed
their thoughts to Heaven, asking them
in the simple eloquence of scripture, "Is there
no physician in Israel? Is there no balm in
Gilead?" This dream was pleasant. In
sickness, in sorrow, even in the hour of
death, the memory of a mother's love, of
a mother's kindness, of a mother's anxiety,
can drive away the mists of sorrow from the
soul, with their cheering ray.

His thoughts now reverted from those
blissful scenes to the hours spent with his
infidel companions—ravings and blasphemies
the most impious, poured from his lips;
now he was in a public assembly, advocating
infidelity, ridiculing, and (such is the
vanity of man,) as he thought, disproving
the holy faith of his fathers; now he recalled
the time when he dared even to trample
on the sacred volume of God; and his dim
eye saw the maddened populace follow his
detestable example. Well might his remembrance
convulse his frame with fresh agonies—
he clenched his hands—he tore his hair,
he exhibited all the gestures of despairing
anguish, until wearied by excitement he
sunk into a troubled repose.

The morning dawned, dark, gloomy and
cold; a fit time for him to yield up his soul.
The physician came, inquired how he
had spent the night, felt his pulse, shook his
head, and announced to him that his last
hour was near. The sinner now, for the
first time, became sensible of his condition,

and in vain endeavored to drive away his
awful emotions. "What is death?" said he;
"tis but a release from this miserable world—
there is no hell—I have proved it—there
is no hell—but if there is—Oh God! what
is the fate of the sinner; he lives unhappy,
he dies miserable, and the flames of hell
torture his sight even in the hour of death."
The nurse, rude as she was, saw his mental
torture with pity, and urged him to look to
Him who alone can save from destruction.
But the name of his offended and injured
God, only increased his blasphemies, and
sunk him still deeper in the slough of despond.

The door opened, and a companion who
had first led him into the paths of vice, entered.
The Infidel recovered himself for a
moment: with a bitter smile he said, "Behold
thy work! thou hast done this." The
wretch approached, and began to pour into
his ear his sophistical arguments. But the
arguments of infidelity, however efficacious
in health and prosperity, lose all their virtue
when life is drawing to a close. The dying
man became pale with rage: "Leave me!"
he cried. "Begone! you have poisoned my
existence; you have directed my soul to
hell; and dare you, in this hour, torture
your victim!" The man slunk away rebuked,
perhaps soon to die the same miserable
death. The Infidel's delirium increased—
he raved, he swore, he blasphemed, until
the nurse unable longer to bear the horrid
scene, fled, and left him alone to die!

Tongue cannot tell the agonies of his last
moments—no friend to smooth his dying
pillow, none to pay him "even the poor tribute
of a tear." Suffice it to say,
"He cursed his God—and died."

The physician returned in the course of
the day; he was dead—yet still he clenched
his hand, his convulsed limbs, the unearthly
expression of his countenance, and the
distortion of his features, showed how
fierce had been the conflict before his spirit
left its earthly tenement—
Truly, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

The Christian's Death Bed.

'Twas a beautiful morning in the month
of May, the vernal breeze was wafting the
delicate perfume of the rose and the orange
flower, through the window of the sick man.
The sun had scarce begun to pour down his
ardent rays, and the invalid's feverish eye,
wandering over the green plains, beheld at
a distance the laborer plowing following his
plough. All was peace and loveliness; the
wren, with his subdued melodious voice,
was soothing the ear; and from the topmost
branch of a neighboring tree, the mocking-
bird was pouring forth his inexhaustible
stream of varied song. The clear whistle
of the partridge was heard from the neighbor-
ing field; the hen with anxious solicitude
was calling her tender brood around her.
The house dog, weary by his watch during
the night was enjoying a tranquil repose
under the shade of a large aspen. In the
clear blue expanse of Heaven, unobscured
by a cloud, the lazy vulture of the south
was sailing in monotonous rounds. The
admirer of our lovely world, standing at the
window of the sick man, beholding the
beautiful prospect—the James dying away
in the distance, its silver bosom occasionally
dotted by a white sail, or obscured by the
thick smoke of a steam boat—would uncon-
sciously exclaim, "How beautiful is nature!"

All these met the view of the dying man
the fields whose culture he had superin-
tended, the garden whose flowers he had
planted; the river on whose grassy banks he
had so often strayed in pleasurable meditation;
the birds to whose songs he had listened
with so much pleasure in health, and
whose nests and tender young he had pre-
served from the rude hand of the school boy;
old Caesar, whom he himself had reared, who
had followed and defended him in many per-
ils—all these met his eye, and conspired,
by their calming influence, to soothe his dying
hours. He looked at his old friend, stretch-
ed out his emaciated hand to him, and whis-
pered in the low tone of disease, "Here,
Caesar!" the noble animal sprang through
the open door in a moment and licked his
master's hand. The old man was affected,
he patted his favorite's head, and turning to
his daughter said, "Fanny, you will not leave
old Caesar to starve, when I am gone?" She
spoke not, but an eloquent flood of tears
answered the question. The dog seemed
to perceive that something sad was going
on, and lying on the floor wagging his tail,
he looked wistfully in the face of his mas-
ter—a master, whom he should never more
follow, except to the grave. Yes, his last
hour was come; his family were all assem-
bled at the bed-side, and his eye often rest-
ed on his affectionate wife, and lovely daughter,
holding in her arms her first born; neither
did he spare a look of regard on his faithful
body servant, giving vent, in a corner of
the room, to his grief, in a sincere flood of
tears. His mind was composed—he had
partaken for the last time, of that holiest of
rites, and his soul awaited but the mandate
of the Mighty One, to wing its way to scenes
of far purer bliss. Yet one grief disturbed
his dying hour—his son—his only son, was
not there. He had, a year before, despite
the entreaties of father, mother and sister,
taken what property the liberality of his
father had bestowed upon him, and gone to
one of the most dissipated Southern cities,
whence many a sad account of him reached
his family. They had hoped that the seeds
of religion, so early implanted in his heart,
might still spring up; and had written him
numerous letters assuring him of entire for-
giveness, if he would return. The old man's
health sunk; and when he saw the hour of
death was near at hand, he besought him
in the most affectionate terms to come to
him, that his eyes might not be closed for-
ever, without one last fond look on his only

son. They heard nothing from him and his
coming was despaired of by all; yet his father
seemed to expect him,—and often as he
felt that life was fast ebbing away, he would
cast an anxious look down the noble avenue
which led to the house. "Frank, my son,
muttered he, "will you not comply with the
last request of a dying father?" A cloud
would settle on his brow for a moment, but
it would be immediately dissipated when he
beheld his little grand son playing with
childish glee with his mother's dark ringlets.
Again would he look down the avenue and
heave a deep sigh. Not a word was spoken:
they were all overwhelmed with grief. But
now his anxious eye catches a glimpse of a
horseman rapidly approaching—joyously he
shrieked, "tis Frank!" and overcome by
the violence of his emotion, fainted. When
he recovered, he found his son pale as a
tomb beside him—the instructions of those
fond parents had not been lost; kneeling
before his father, to beg forgiveness, he
could only sob out, in the words of the pro-
digal son, "Father, I have sinned against
Heaven, and before thee, and am no more
worthy to be called thy son." The face of
the dying man lighted up—he laid his trem-
bling hand upon his son's head—"Bless
thee, my boy," said he. He fell back—ex-
claimed in a low voice, "now Lord let thy
servant part in peace"—a placid smile over-
spread his countenance—a slight shudder
—and he was dead.

"Let me die the death of the righteous,
and let my last end be like his!"

H. A. L.

Richmond, July, 1839.

[From the Baltimore American.]

THE OGNUM TORUM WRIT.

In 1827, when North Mississippi was
cleared of the Indians, partially, the whole
of this country was then called Yazoo Coun-
ty, extending over one hundred and fifty
miles square. The law had not taken effect
for the want of organization, except in the
militia. One Colonel Cassou commanded in
his regiment the whole country, and he was
all the officer, either civil or military,
that lived in that large tract of country.—
The country, as was to be expected, was
filled up with a horde of trifling fellows,
thieves and the like. About this time there
were missing two horses in the neighbor-
hood, and Col. Cassou called a meeting of
the citizens generally, to consult upon the
best measures to adopt in relation to it.—
Accordingly, a large collection met at the
house of the Colonel, on Big Black, (where
Holmes county now is,) and called the Col-
onel to the chair. Suspicion soon fell upon
a young man by the name of Dobson, who
was not present. After consulting and dis-
cussing the subject pro and con, it was
agreed that Dobson should be brought for-
ward for trial. An old gentleman, rather
more intelligent than some of his contem-
poraries, asked how the meeting could get
hold of him? Col. Cassou drew down his
eyebrows in a dignified manner, as if casting
about in his mind previous to giving "the
opinion of the court," and said "Gentlemen,
I will issue an *Ognum Torum* Writ, and
have him corporally before me." "But what
kind of a writ is that colonel?" said one old
man with caution. "It is a writ," said the
Colonel, gravely, "to take him as well where
he aint, as where he is, and have him cor-
porally before us." This was satisfactory
to the meeting, and six men were des-
patched with his awful writ, who returned
in about an hour with the renowned Dobson
in strings. He was arraigned—witnesses
sworn—but no evidence of even a second-
ary nature could be obtained; yet, after tak-
ing the vote, a majority found him guilty.—
The Colonel then put on an awfully solemn
visage, and said, "Isaac Dobson! by author-
ity of the ninth section of laws in these
cases, I pass sentence of death upon you—to
be hung by the neck till you are dead, *dead*
dead—; not for stealing horses, but that
horses may not be stolen."

The evening Dobson was led to a black-
jack, and hung according to the sentence
of "the Court," admitting that he had stolen
the horses, and that he intended to have
taken them to Red River Raft, and acknow-
ledged the justice of his sentence. This
country is now well settled, and divided in-
to twenty counties, but the Colonel was
heard the other day to say, "These are
shocking times—a man must be tried three
or four days for stealing and the like, then
get clear by some quirk in the law, when he
stole the horse as plain as the nose on my
face—I will go to Texas, and git among
civilized folks."

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Thoughts suggested by witnessing yester-
day.—What a melancholy procession is a
soldier's funeral; and than it, what can pro-
duce a more apt illustration of the unstable
tenure and uncertainty of life and of its
brief and evanescent pleasures. How strik-
ing is the contrast between the gaudy,
glittering uniform of the soldiers that pre-
cede the hearse, and the dark, sombre trap-
pings of woe that surround it. On the col-
fin rest the military cap and coat of the
deceased. A few short days ago and clothed
in them he would have battled to the death
for his country's liberties. Death, alas! has
battled with him and become the victor.—
Listen to the muffled drum! How its solemn
sounds move along on the winds like the
moans of the dying. How different from its
lively, soul-stirring strains on festive occa-
sions. Look at his companions in arms. See
their eyes, which never blinked with fear,
dimmed with a tear, and their frank and
generous countenances clothed in mourning
for the loss of a comrade. With reversed mus-
kets and slow and measured step they ac-
company his remains to the tomb. They
utter not a word; but are they not thinking
of him whose corpse is borne along—of him

who lately formed in their ranks, obeyed
the same orders, was subject to the same
duty, and joined in their social meetings.—
They arrive at the grave-yard, the coffin is
lowered into its earthly bed, and a triple
volley discharged over it closes the soldier's
funeral.—N. O. Picayune.

IRISH FUN—A NEW IDEA.

"Halloo, Michael, is it yourself I see be-
fore me?" said one Irishman to the other on
the evening of the Fourth.

"Troth, then, and it's meself."

"And how are you now? and how have
you spent our national birthday?"

"Haven't I been drinkin' and rejoicing
the entire day, and marching about in a sun
hot enough to roast potatoes. Have you
been doing the same, Jimmy?"

"Well, I have. The reminiscence of what
our forefathers; those gentlemen that signed
the declaration—have done for us, Michael,
combined with a few drops of the 'craetur',
has kept me as drunk and as joyful as a
piper the day long. I say, Michael, isn't a
remarkable fact they don't have any of these
Fourth of July celebrations in ould Ireland?"

"But they do, to be sure."

"D—! the bit. When does the Fourth of
July come in Tipperary? Tell me that with
your ugle mouth."

"Why, on the twenty-fourth of June, you
spalpeen. Don't you recollect the frolics,
bon-fires and rejoicings we used to have on
that day. The twenty-fourth of June is the
fourth of July in Ireland, to be sure!"

N. O. Picayune.

A Lone Horse.—A traveller who rode a
horse of a large size, and especially of un-
common length, lately stopped at a public
house in the western part of Massachusetts,
and ordered his steed to be put in the stable.

Feeling anxious for the comfort of his four-
footed companion, he afterwards inquired of
the hostler if he had put up his horse as he
directed. "Why, yes," said Currycomb,
"I've put up one end of him." "One end
of him?" exclaimed the traveller, "and what
have you done with the other end, as you
call it?" "Why, hang me," said the host-
ler, "if I could get the whole of him into the
stable, so I left the other end in the cr-
chard."

Some time ago an Irishman was con-
victed of felony, and sentenced to death. On
the day it was to be carried into effect he
received a reprieve, his innocence having,
after his trial, been satisfactorily established.

The poor fellow had a wife, a terrible vi-
cen, who lived at a distance, and whose
presence he dreaded more than death; and
in the hope of accomplishing a final separa-
tion, he wrote to her the day after he re-
ceived the reprieve, to the following effect:

"DEAR MARY,—I was hanged yesterday,
and died like a man; no more at present
from your loving husband, till death does us
part.—N. Y. Mirror.

A preacher who bought meat of a but-
cher named David, was never careful about
paying for it. At one time while he was
preaching, he was quoting different Prophe-
cies, when the butcher's boy entered. The
minister cried out, "And what say David?"

"Why," cried the butcher's boy, who tho't
he spoke to him, "he says you shan't get
another piece of meat without you pay for
the last."

A Good Guy.—A patron of the editors of
the Steubenville Herald is an acquisitive
chap. The editor says he has been patro-
nizing us for nearly twenty years without
paying, and his lovely wife, not long since,
broomstick our collector out of the house
for presenting the bill, and now he wants to
know of us why we have stopped his paper

An Irishman being asked which was the
oldest he or his brother replied, "I am the
oldest, but if my brother lives three years,
we shall both be of one age."

"Guess you'll get used up," as the boy
said to the stick of candy.

The following quaint description of a
dandy is taken from an old work published
in London, in 1657:—N. Y. Star.

"He is counted as a wild creature; no
wild colt, wild ostrich, wild cat of the moun-
tain, comparable to him; his mind is wholly
set upon cuts and slashes, knots and roses,
patchings and pinkings, jaggings, taggings,
borderings, half-shirts, half-arms, bawning
breasts, paping-knees, arithmetical middles,
geometrical rides, mathematical waists, and
logical ridges."

HIT HIM AGAIN.—The New York Visitor
says that a young man in the back part of
that state, who had been speaking disparag-
ingly of a young woman in the neighbor-
hood and for which he received a severe
flogging with a cowhide, applied to a mag-
istrate for a warrant. On being asked why
he did not turn upon his antagonist and
take satisfaction, replied: "He only struck
me nineteen times, but if he had hit me
once more I'd give him h—ll."

If the best man's faults were written on
his forehead, he would pull his hat over his
eyes.

"Arrah, Teddy, an' wasn't yer name Ted-
dy O'Byrne before you left ould Ireland?"

"Sure it was, my darlint."

"But, my jewel, why then do you add the
and call it Toddy O'Byrnes now?"

"Why, ye spalpeen! haven't I been married
since I ken to Ameriky! and ar' you so ig-
norant of grammatic that ye dont know
when one thing is added to another it be-
comes a plural?"

We know a pair of twins so nearly resem-
bling each other that one is obliged to tie a
string around his finger at night to enable
them to know which is which in the morn-
ing.

The New Era, acting under instructions
from Martin Van Buren, and Van Buren
acting under orders from Benton and Ken-
dal, are trying to produce a run on the
Banks and another suspension of specie pay-
ments. It is so avowed in the New Era—
and we ourselves have not the least doubt
of it. Benton said that the Sub-Treasury
could be carried, if another suspension could
be brought about; and the "experiment" is
now working. Verily we have a precious
set of scoundrels as rulers in this country,
and that is the plain truth of the matter.

N. Y. Star.

Give us the New Hampshire Argus for
esprit du corps—there is no mistake about
it—here is a sample:

"The man who will strap his razor on his
bibble and wipe it on his newspaper is nei-
ther a Christian nor a patriot, and deserves
to be strung without benefit of clergy, or the
sympathy of the corps editorial—yet we
have seen an individual do that same who
made pretension to both godliness and pa-
triotism."

Poetry.—Poetry is like a pair of skates
which run flatly over the smooth crystal of
the ideal, but are worse than a pair of Dutch-
man's shoes on the rough highway of life.

New business.—There is said to be a
woman in Centre street, N. York, who takes
in children to wash. She gives them a good
scrubbing with soap and suds, and then sets
them in the sun to dry. She washes at four
shill